

THE
Apparition.
A
POEM.

OR, A
DIALOGUE
Betwixt the
DEVIL and a *DOCTOR*,
Concerning the
Rights of the Christian Church.

The Second Edition.

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T H E
Apparition.

BEGIN my Muse: the dire Adventure tell,
How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,
Convers'd familiar with a Mortal *Man*:
Where, when, and how the Conference began;
Bring each Particular in open Sight,
And do the *Devil* and the *Doctor* Right.

As round the World that restless Spirit flew,
This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view;
To see how *Treason*, *Lust* and *Murder* strove,
To fill his Realms, and empty those *Above*.
While *Truth* was Tramp'd on by *Lies* and *Spight*,
And *Wrong* Victorious Triumph'd over *Right*;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,
Surrounded with a num'rous Flatt'ring *Crowd*:
Virtue, with Blushes cover'd o're, retir'd,
By all Forfaken, tho' by all Admir'd.
Silent She *Griev'd*, with Pity, at the sight,
Then Wing'd tow'rd *Heav'n* Her solitary Flight.

Not so the *Fiend*, with other Passions fraught
Exulting, on his mighty Conquests thought:

Wide, to his View, the lovely Prospect lay,
 But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey :
 For some escaping, made his Madness rise,
 Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies :
 Unmindful of the *Many*, *Satan* stood,
Revenge against those flying *Few* he Vow'd :
 Then tofs'd the Vipers round his horrid Head,
 And thus indignant to himself he said.

' These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were giv'n,
 ' If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heav'n :
 ' Their *Pow'r*, their *Wealth* and *Glory*, all are Mine,
 ' I hold 'em from Above by *Grant Divine*.
 ' Uxorious *Adam*, by my Cunning cross'd,
 ' Forfeit to *Treason* all their Tenures lost :
 ' Then, if I hold by Titles such as These,
 ' Who shall my Tenures dare Dispute or Seize ?
 ' Yet——for all this——spite of my Sov'reign Will,
 ' Some Nations do decline their Homage still.
 ' The Three Great Quarters of the World are Mine,
 ' See how their *Altars* Smoak and *Temples* Shine!——

' In *Europe* too, nor am I less rever'd
 ' Where grateful *Rome* her Images has rear'd :
 ' Or where *Fanatick Sectaries* abound,
 ' I scow'r with Pleasure my devouring Round :
 ' But *Albion*, Cursed Isle! by *Priests* mis-led,
 ' False to my Hopes, is in *Rebellion* bred.

' Not that my *Emissaries* *There* I want :
 ' *Atheists* to Curse, and *Hypocrites* to Cant.
 ' *B* ——'s aloft Harangues the gaping Crowd,
 ' While Witty *H* —— *G* below *Blasphemes* aloud ;
 ' And to each other, tho' so Opposite,
 ' Yet in my *Cause* *Both* lovingly Unite :
 ' The *N* —— *T* to my Wish proceeds,
 ' Neglected *Gardens* must be choak'd with *Weeds*.
 ' Oh, could I Sink the *Sacramental Test* !
 ' Down falls at once the *Altar* and the *Priest* :

'For still th' *Establish'd Church* is all my Bane:
 'And while That stands I ne're must hope to Reign.
 'But then that *D*——*O*, damn'd Pedantick Town!
 'Thus to be Fool'd by a Square-Cap and Gown!
 'How Old and Silly, *Satan*, art Thou grown?
 '——But 'tis Resolv'd, new Measures I will try,
 'Quick to *S*——*S*——*A*, to *L*——*T* I will fly:
 '*L*——*T*, alike with me, by *GOD* Accurs'd;
 'In *Vice* and *Error* from his *Cradle* Nurs'd:
 'He Studies hard, and takes extreme Delight,
 'In Whores, or Heresies to spend the Night:
 'My Vassal sworn! He loves *Confusion's* Cause,
 'And hates, like *Me*, all *Government* and *Laws*:
 'All Ties of *Duty*, *Gratitude* are vain;
 'No *Bonds* his furious *Malice* can restrain:
 'All *Int'rests*, *Civil*, *Sacred*, still unite
 'With idle *Toyl*, to check his ardent *Spite*.

Thus having said, quick down to *Earth* he fell;
 Full in the Middle of the *Quadrangle*:
 With sudden Glance he travers'd all the Rooms,
 And then forthwith a human Shape assumes.

Like an *Old College-Bedmaker* he bent;
 His *Cloven-Foot* he wriggld as he went:
 A frowzy high-crown'd *Hat* his Face did hide,
 A hooked *Staff* his tott'ring Steps did guide,
 A *Bunch* of various *Keys* hung jangling by his Side.

Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard;
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.

And in an instant tow'rd's the Door he goes,
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.
 Astonish'd, back he started with a bound;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.

But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, *Z*——s! What are You?

The *Spright*, observing streight his great Confusion,
 Thus calmly Silence broke (as He who knows one).

Dear

' Dear Doctor ! Prithee do not Tremble so :
 ' Pray be compos'd ! What ? — Not *Crippelia* know !
 ' The *Devil* is not come to fetch you now.
 ' Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Charms,
 ' When I lay Panting in your curling Arms :
 ' Lock'd in the *Folds* of *Love* we *Both* defy'd
 ' The *Statutes*, and the *Laws* of *G O D* beside.
 ' Then, my *Civilian* ! As Intranc'd you lay,
 ' How did you Sigh and Kifs the Hours away :
 ' Not *Alexander*, with *Statira* Blest,
 ' His Passion with more Tenderness exprest.
 ' What ? tho' with Age and Weakness now I bend,
 ' With Wrinkles shrivel'd : --- for One *Tumbler* send :
 ' If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.
 ' For Favours past some small Regards are due ;
 ' I wou'd not at these Years have flouted you.
 ' Turn then, *Barbarian*, turn thy lovely Eyes ;
 ' Survey me well : — and mark my thin Disguise. —
 ' No musty College-Matron here thou see'st ;
 ' Them, and their Masters, I alike detest,
 ' Abhor, as Thou dost any *Christian Priest*.
 ' Before Thee stands *Hell's* mighty *Sovereign King* :
 ' My Subject's *Thanks* for thy last *Works* I bring.
 ' All my Grim Sons, with *Emulation* fir'd,
 ' Restless, thy *Rights*, thy *Christian Rights* requir'd,
 ' Thy *Christian Church's Rights* : Immortal Page !
 ' Worthy thy *Malice*, *Impudence* and *Rage* :
 ' Envious They ask, in fullen surly mood ;
 ' What *Incubus* did o're thy Fancy brood ?
 ' All *Hell* resounds thy *Name* with loud Applause,
 ' And Love the *Leader*, as they Like the *Cause* :
 ' But above all, the Hot-brain'd *Atheist Crew*,
 ' That ever *Greece*, or *Rome*, or *Britain* knew,
 ' Wave all their *Laurels*, and their *Palms* to *You*.
 ' *Spinoza* Smiles, and cries — The *Work* is done ;
 ' L ——— I shall Finish ; (*Satan's Darling Son* ;)
 ' L ——— I shall Finish, what *Spinoza* first Begun.
 ' *Hobbes*,

'Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini with him join;
 'All equally Admire the *Vast Design*.
 'Then--- to the Trumpet's, and the Clarion's Sound;
 'The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,
 'To *L—T's* Health:---on Earth may *L—T* dwell!
 'Late may we have his Presence here in Hell!
 'Till he the Glorious Work has done: They cry,
 'Till *Christian Churches* all in Ruins ly:
 '(Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)
 'No single *Fiend*, through all the numerous *Host*,
 'Declines the *Glass*, when *L—T* is the *Toast*.
 'Old *Epicurus*, to *Lucretius* Bow'd,
 'Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud:
 '*Diagoras* next *Apollonius* sat;
 'The *solemn Sages* on thy *Works* debate:
 'The Traytor *Judas* list'ning, Grinning stood;
 'Sometimes he Mus'd, and then he Laugh'd aloud:
 'Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries,
 'Curse on Thee, for thy silly random Kifs!
 'To take the *Founder*, and the *Church* to misf.
 'Apostate *Julian* rose, and loudly Swore,
 The Galileans *Empire* was no more;
 His Royal Priesthood shou'd for ever cease,
 And *Satan* shall regain the *Realms* of *Bliss*.

By this time *L—T*, quite recover'd, stood;
 His Visage redden'd with returning Blood,
 And thus he answer'd (when he Thrice had Bow'd.)

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the *Prince of Hell*
 Bestows upon a *Mortal Infidel*:
 Nor with less *Pleasure* I the *Praises* hear,
 Your *Subjects* to my trifling *Labours* spare;
 Neither to *You*, nor *Them*, I must confess,
 My *Duty*, as I ought, I can express:
 Fain wou'd I Merit more! wou'd they but Praise me less.
 But

But give me leave (as I'me in Duty bound)
 To pay Thee, *Satan*! Reverence most profound:
 (*Here with his Head Nine times he touch'd the Ground.*)
 Civility surprizing, I acknowledge;
 To Visit a poor Fellow of a Colledge!
 For *Hell's* dread *Emperor* to condescend
 Himself! to see a Vile *Terrestrial Fiend*!
 Tell me, Ye Gods of *Erebus* and Night!
 How have Ye heard of such a worthless Wight?
 What Thanks are then, Supream Apostate! due
 From me, (the *Meaneſt* of *God's Foes*) to *You*?

S. Egregious Youth! Thou laſt beſt Hopes of Hell!
 All *Satan's Sons*, have hitherto done well;
 But *Thou*, all *Satan's Sons* doſt far excel.
 —However—let us not, My Worthy Friend!
 Our Time in Ceremonies only ſpend:
 Nine times Three Minutes I can only ſtay,
 And cannot bear the leaſt Approach of Day:
 'Then to the Buſ'neſs quickly let us come;
 'Tis what you Study here, and I at home.
 The *Church of England* is the Curſed Thing,
 That You and I muſt to Deſtruction bring.

Dr. Thanks, Great Deſtroyer! if ſo mean a Man
 As I, but work ſuch Mighty Miſchief can;
 No Time, nor Coſt I'll ſpare; no Strength or Pains:
 (The *Church of England's Loſſes* are my *Gains*.)
 Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-fee* ſhall fall;
 The Biſhopricks—my *Betters* muſt have,—*All*.

S. I tell Thee, *L*——*T*, and obſerve it well:
 Merit, like Thine, does all Reward excel.
 For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little Souls contend;
Diſ-intereſted Miſchief be Thy *End*:
 Only with Patience in thy Work perſiſt;
 To *Hell's* internal *Cæſar* leave the reſt.

Dr. Oh *Emperor*! What Merit can I claim?
 The Youngeſt *Hero* in thy Liſts of *Fame*.
 Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* ſing)
 Wag'd War with *Thee* 'gainſt Heav'n's perpetual *King*:
 Had

Had I (but only on the Conquer'd side)
 Display'd, with Thee, my Vanity and Pride;
 Some Laurel then I cou'd with Pleasure wear,
 And without Blushing now my Praises hear.

S. Extreams on all sides we with Justice blame;
 A little then thy Headstrong Rage reclaim:
 And try thy *Lust* of Anarchy to tame. }
 Mischief enough remains on Earth undone;
 Then check thy flight tow'rd Heav'n, my towring Son!
 The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows;
 Be satisfy'd——and gall thy Present Foes.
 The *Christian Church* is still in Safety sound;
 Let That be first quite Levell'd to the Ground.
 When Thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)
 Thou may'st with reason for fresh Mischief pine:
 And before all the Christian Churches, still
 Let *Albion's Church* employ thy utmost Skill;
 Quick against That thy second Battery raise,
 And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praise.
 Her Clergy first, with foulest *Lyes* defame;
 Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name:
Rome's Pontif, and the *Ruling Elders* spare,
 To Blacken *Albion's Bishops* be thy care:
 Tell how that Realm is by the Bishops curs'd;
 All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd:
 New Schemes of Government unheard-of raise;
 And all (but That which you live under) Praise:
 For Mad Republicks still thy Strains pursue;
 For Mad Republicks, whether Old or New:
 All cursed Monarchies alike decry,
 Mix'd, Absolute, their various Rights deny:
 Monarchs, as Tyrants, in thy Books display;
 Bishops, as feller Tyrants far than they:
False are our Hopes, and Profitless our Pains,
While Bishops Mitres wear, and ANNA Reigns.
 Dr. It shall be done: Great Enemy of Light!
 I bear 'em all, with Thee, an equal Spite;

An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring
 With Thee, 'gainst *Heav'n's all-ruling Tyrant King*.
 I hate his Son, as much as You, or more;

S. Why wilt Thou thus aloft unbounded soar?
 Stoop; stoop thy Wings: on Earth again descend.

Dr. At Thy Monition, downwards thus I bend;
 And only Wish—*His Church on Earth may End!*

Oh were my *Will*, but once *Britannia's Law!*
Rome should again the servile Nation awe;
 The *Druids* else regain their lost Abodes,
 And *Thor* and *Woden* be *Britannia's Gods*:
Idols in every Temple shou'd be found,
 The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound;
 The Rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd:
 All Decency and Order shou'd be Damn'd;
 And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land.
 All, in their Turns, be *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*;
 Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things:
 All Government does from the *People* flow;
 Whom They make *Priests* or *Kings*, are truly so.

These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,
No matter what the Prophets or Apostles Preach.

S. *Moses* indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)
 Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew;
 That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,
 And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring:
 All *Regal Power* on Earth with him began,
 And thro' his Veins to his First-born it ran:
God made the *Monarch* when he made the *Man*.
 The *Patriarchs* hence their *Right Imperial* claim'd;
 And the First Son the *Succeſſor* was Nam'd:
 The *People* never gave *Dominion* Birth;
 As well might *Crowns* like *Mushrooms* spring from Earth:

Notions—I own—that have been reckon'd Good,
 But wond'rous Old!—I think—before the Flood:
 Dry; hard to swallow: Some of narrower Throats
 Doubt, or deny, and think this *Rabbi* dotes;
 So Comment all the *Text* away with *Notes*.

Next,

Next, He of *Nazareth* the *Prophet*, came;
 (To *Me*, and *Thee*, an ever hateful Name.)
 The *Scheme Mosaick* he in Pieces broke;
 But gall'd the *Nations* with an equal Yoke:
 Of *Monarchs* and their *Crowns* he little said;
 (Only, To *Cæsar*, *Cæsar's Things be paid*.)
 The Laws of *Earthly Realms* he let alone;
 But in Exchange, beneath his *Priests* ye groan:
 And if from Heav'n, (as they pretend) He came;
 Their Priesthood then from Heav'n they justly claim:
 But that a little shocks my Faith; *Dr.* Much mine:

S. The *Christian Priesthood* then is not *Divine*.
 If *Jesus* then was not the Son of *God*,
 Then an Impostor; *Dr.* Which I think: *S.* Allow'd,

*Dr. * And justly on the Cross the Impostor Bow'd.*
Te coming Ages! for th' Impostor's Sake,
Of all his Tribe the like Examples make;
With equal Pain and Shame his Followers vex,
With endless Plagues that Progeny perplex,
Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,
*To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.**

S. He first, then They, those *slavish Doctrines* taught,
 That no *Revenge* must on your *Foes* be wrought:
 That *Crowns Celestial* were to *Cowards* giv'n:
 And only *Slaves* on *Earth* were *Lords* in *Heav'n*:
Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,
 Reject 'em then, *Sublimer* far embrace:
Submission does thy *Manly Tribe* disgrace.

Do Thou, thy native *Fierceness* bravely show;
 Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow:
Forgiveness, is the *Coward's* want of Skill,
 Or Strength, to execute his angry Will:
 Or else *Revenge* delay'd; till Time mature
 Succeed the *Vengeance*, make *Resentment* sure.

* See, The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find, such
 Malice, and such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Language of
 these Execrable Apostates.

Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly;
 And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dy:
 Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore;
 Or if he does, let that incense Thee more:
 It shows a Coward; and a Coward's Blow,
 Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do:
 Thy *Humour* be thy Law, thy *Lust* thy Guide;
 Nor subject be to any thing beside,
 But *Obstinacy*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*.

—In Truths like these the hardy *Britons* train;
 Thus *Subjects* Wise their *Liberties* maintain:
 And thus *Rebellion* will securely Reign.
 Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe;
 Thus *Kings* Receive, the *People* Give the Law:
 If any Sawcy *Monarch* dare oppose,
 Or Pedant *Bishop*; let 'em feel their Foes:
 To *Death* or *Exile* quick the *Traytors* drive;
 No *Rebels* to the *People* ought to live.
 Thus *LAUD*, and *STUART*, Both with *Justice* Dy'd
 Fierce *Cromwel*, with the *Many* on his side,
 Thus check'd the *Prelate's*, and the *Monarch's* *Pride*.

Dr. And thus it is, *True Oracle* of *Lyes*!
 That in the *Rights*, the *Britons* I advise:
 But they remain, reluctant to my Will;
 Their *Beer*, and *Beef*, confirm 'em *Blockheads* still.
 Wou'd They, but publickly my *Doctrines* own,
 The *Monarchy* had long e're this, been down:
Episcopacy of that Name bereft;
 And that is almost All, it now has left.

If common Fortune does my *Toys* attend,
 My Second *Rights* that *Order* quite shall end.

Instruct me, *Mighty Leader*! to Oppose
Priests, *Bishops*, *Kings*: *Britannia's* only *Foes*.

S. L — T! — Your *Rights* I like in gen'ral well:
 Yet — in some parts, You've broke the *Laws* of *Hell*:
 You speak too plain, — and lay your Cloak aside, —
 Forbear, — be cover'd, — I chastise such *Pride*.

Wife

Wise *Fowlers* do not thus *themselves* proclaim,
 But wind with *Caution* round the watchful Game:
 Had I, like You, the *Hypocrite* disown'd,
Adam had ne're beneath my *Scepter* groan'd.

Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry
 The Men in Publick, they intend shall *Dye*.

Woud'st Thou? *Civilian*! *Depths Satanick* know;
 Then to these *Rules* with deep Attention bow.

Let *Moderation* all your Counsels guide;
 Nothing does *Vice* so well as *Vertue* hide:
True, Sterling, and Infernal Treason's---*This*;
 Formal begin--- All Hail! --- and then--- the Kifs:
 With *Caution* most deliberate proceed;
 The *swiftest* is not still the *surest Speed*:
 To *Brutal Rashness* few *Great Deeds* we owe;
Hero's in *Mischief Civil* are, and *Slow*:
 A *Gentle Answer* all *Objections* solves;
Sheep's Cloathing is the proper Garb for *Wolves*.

In vain against *Religion War* you wage,
 Without the *Serpent's Cunning*, with his *Rage*.

Dr. Accept my Thanks; *Hades All Sapient Sire*!
 Who can Enough thy *Politicks* admire?
 Prostrate I Kneel; --- and for thy *Pardon* sue; ---
 For *Moderation* all my Vows renew:

Then bow Thine Ear, and listen to my Cries;
 And make Me, like thy *Self*, both *Brave*, and *Wise*.

S. Thus your *Stage-Poets* too, are All to blame,
 Those *Puppies* ever over-run their Game:

Over all Bounds, all Precipices leap;
 Nor mind the Lashings of the *Hunter's Whip*:

Bawdy, Prophaneness, Blasphemy they join;
 Think only *Wit*, with *Wickedness, Divine*:

Turn ev'ry thing that's *Sacred*, to a *Jest*;

In *Christian Countries* never spare a *Priest*.

For *Faults*, like these, Fierce *Jerry Collier* rose;
 Briskly he Charg'd, and Routed all his *Foes*:
 Ene the *Train-Band Reformers*, cou'd engage
 Such Sorts; with *Glory*, equal to their *Rage*.

For

For *Faults*, like these, from *France* the *Dancers* come,
And *Eynuch* Singing *Choristers*, from *Rome*;
At vast Expence those *Epicures* are fed;
The *Poets*, *Players*, justly want their *Bread*.

'Tis for these Reasons *Theatres* decay;
Propbaneness sinks, and *Blasphemy* gives way:
Bawdy no more with Pleasure can be heard;
The *Modest*, *Civil Sinners*, all are scar'd.

For this, One *House* a *Timber-Yard* is turn'd;
Oh! had ye heard---how Pocky †D——t mourn'd!
The *Pillars* too of all the Others bend;
I see their pageant *Deities* descend:
And all in real *Flames* their painted *Glories* end.
The *Mightiest Emperors*, Molt *Gracious Queens*,
Dwindle to *Pimps*, and *Whores* behind the *Scenes*.

With *Prudence* then, divert th' impending Blow,
Some *Moderation* in your *Madness* show:
For *Lewdness*, for discreeter *Lewdness* call;
For *Modest Vice*: —— or else the *Stage* will fall.

Your nasty *Nakedness* to *Rage* provokes;
On quickly with your *Vizards*--All, and *Cloaks*.

Plays are like *Poysons*, if they're temper'd right,
Never offend the *Tast*, the *Smell*, or *Sight*:
Bawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;
Ev'n *Whores* are *Mask'd*, and *Modest* in a *Croud*.
No *Blasphemies* be Bellow'd from the *Stage*,
Nor any *Publick Wars* with *Vertue* wage:
In *Private* be as *Wicked* as ye will;
Do not *Abroad*—— my *Mysteries* reveal. ——
—— *Rakes* I abhor: all *Sotts* so loudly *Lewd*;
Hell *Blushes* at the giddy fenceless *Brood*:
Whate're you think, and pray such *Coxcombs* tell,
We have some *Modesty* at least, —— in *Hell*:
Not such as is in Silly *Virgins* seen;
Grave, *solid*, *sober*, *serious Vice*, I mean.

† The Gentleman who built the *Queen's Theatre* in *Dorset-Garden*.

Be then these *Rules* observ'd alike by all;
 And *Vice* again shall rise, and *Vertue* fall:
 The *Realms* of *Darkness* ev'ry Day increase;
Lewdness grow great, as *Modesty* grows less:
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Wretches vile
 By the Saints call'd) shall Govern *Albion's Isle*;
 And Satan on ye all propitious Smile.

Dr. If Satan Smiles, What Mortal shall withstand?
 Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.

Listen, ye *Britons*! then, to *L*——*T's* Lore;
 I'll soon relieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r:
 Nor *Priests*, nor *Monarchs*, shall in Fetters bind
 Much longer, any *Free-born Briton's* Mind:
 I'll teach ye, ev'ry *Bullet-headed Wight*,
 To *Drink* all Day, and *Fornicate* all Night:

S. Well started, Casuist! ---- 'tis a *Briton's* Right.
Whoring's a very little Venial Sin,
 If *Phyllis* be but Wholefom, Cheap, and Clean;
 And *Drunkenness* is *Physically* good,
 To cure the *Spleen*, and circulate the *Blood*.

Pray,——when you take a new Satanick Text,
 Instruct your *Honest Block-head Britons* next;
 How by the *Gospel* they're all Plagu'd and Vext:

Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a *Briton's* care,
 To spend his Time in *Sacraments* and *Pray'r*.

Dr. It shall be done, Most *Anti-Christian Spright*!
 And the *Three Creeds*, my Liege, can ne'er be right:
 Three *Creeds*? but One my Faith does puzzle quite.

Suppose that, *NOT*, were by the *Commons* freed
 Out of the *Decalogue*, and plac'd i'th' *Creed*:
 That little trifling Particle——that *NOT*;

(Or if Expung'd——'twould be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought! well worthy to succeed;

D. Thus *Faith* and *Practice*, both at once wou'd bleed:

S. That wou'd be *Liberty* and *Property* indeed!

Dr. Oh! wou'd but *Time* that happy Scene disclose,
 In which no *Senator* shou'd dare oppose

That

That *Vote*; but all Unanimously join;
Me, and Themselves, to free from *Laws Divine*:

Then Uncontroul'd, I'de humour ev'ry Lust,
And only be to *Wine*, and *Women*, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a *British* P———t,
Without each *Individual's* Consent.

The *Horeb Contract*, never yet was laid
Before the *Houses*; nor has Once been Read,
Or Pass'd in *Either*:—Wherefore then Obey'd?

Dr. Was *Horeb's* rigid *Contract* made for me?
Did I the *Thunders* hear? or *Lightnings* see?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly *Free*.
All *Contracts* where one Party's over-aw'd,
The *Civil Law*, I think, deems Null and Void.
No *Freedom* with those Ten Commandments lasts,
That *Horeb Contract* all your *Freedom* blasts:
Dissolve that Contract, try your utmost Strength,
You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length:
Do *Thou*, my *Canonist*! prepare a Bill,
The House can any Covenants repeal:
And who shall dare Oppose a *Senate's* Will?
But I'me afraid, their boggling at the *Test*;
Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best.
Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd;
With better grace you might have Urg'd this last.

Dr. Your *Majesty* makes Merry with your *Slave*;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own *Projects* grave?
Thy *Projects* in the *Rights*? Thou Partial Knave!
Well, to be Serious: ---Nay, nay,---why that Look?---
There's very wretched Reas'ning in thy Book:

But——if you please the Nation with such *Stuff*,
And make the *Clergy* Odious:——'tis Enough.

Thy Knowledge of the *Scripture* too, is small,
But that, and *Logick* in a Lawyer, shall
Not be by Me, insisted on——at all.

Could you no better, than you Reason, Rail;
L——T, 'twixt Friends, the *Parsons* wou'd prevail.

Dr. I've

Dr. I've done my Best: What Mortal can do more?
I'm sure there's *Malice* in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well—Doctor of *Civil Law*!
At Last—I heed not *Logick* of a Straw:

Tho' less, than in Thy *Rights*, in troth, I never saw.

—No matter—*Malice*, *Slander*, do as well:

These are our constant Arguments in Hell.

Be sure then, in your Second *Rights*, take care,
That Curs'd, Establish'd *Clergy* not to spare:

Load 'em with *Malice*, *Slander*, ev'ry where.

Stab 'em, My *Ruffian*! Stab 'em thro', with *Lyes*:
Till at thy Feet, that *Order*, gasping, Dies.

Then I, my Self, will lead Thee down to Hell,
There, in supremest Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The *Furies* patient, shall thy Coming wait;
In Magick Circles, to attend thy State:

Ten Thousand *Infidels*, before Thee fly,
To clear thy Passage, thro' the crouded Sky.

At thy Approach, *Rebellion* stern will rise,
All smear'd with Blood and Gash'd: (to Arms she cries,
Hurling a Spear tow' rds Heav'n,) since *L—T's* ours;
Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' *Ethereal* Tow'rs.

Democracy, (a Noisy Patriot Fool,
The Rabble's *Idol*, and the Statesman's *Tool*,)

After her sawcy and familiar way,
Doctor, I'me Yours; Yours heartily, She'll say:

How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum*? Dead?

Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread?

Almost—then fling this *Mitre* at that *Monarch's* Head.

Sedition loud, to *Tumult* mad, shall bawl;

And Welcome Thee to Satan's gloomy Hall:

Slander with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise;

Treason leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze:

Lewdness with *Deism* shall Record thy Name,

And *Envy* shall not envy Thee thy Fame.

That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old *Heresy*,
Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee:

Catch Thee with Lust extatick in her Arms;
Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms:
Then eager preſs her burning Lips to thine,
And round thy Neck, like a fond Miſtreſs, twine.

Vain-Glory, (Mighty Builder!) laſt ſhall raiſe,
At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praise.

Three Hundred Cubits from the ſolid Ground,
(And all Embos'd with ſwelling Sculpture round) }
The *Column* riſes juſt; with *Strength & Beauty* crown'd.

High on its flaming Top, ſhall *L——T* ſtand;
Thy *Chriſtian Rights* wide open in thy Hand:
There, Thou ſhalt teach the *Damn'd* to *Curſe*, Revile }
God's *Prieſthood* and his Sons: the *damn'd* the while }
Forgetting all their *Pains*, ſhall liſtning Smile.

Sullen *Enthuſiaſm* tearing of his Hair,
Diſtorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Deſpair,
Low at the Pillars Baſe half-raiſ'd ſhall ly, }
Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek ſhall cry, }
' *Are Atheiſts liſted up in Hell ſo high!* }

On thy Right-hand, Proud *Blasphemy* ſhall fit,
And on thy Left, *Prophaneneſs*: *Scurril Wit*, }
Impudence, *Sophiſtry*, (Hell's Rabble Rout) }
With *Error*, *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Doubt*; }
Huzza---*The Rights--The Chriſtian Rights--* ſhall ſhout. }

The *Scriptures* all to ſhivers torn, ſhall fly
Like driving Snows along a ſtormy Sky:
The Spoils of *Chriſtian Churches* ſhall beſtrow
With ſweet Confuſion all the Plain below.

Rage unreclaim'd ſhall round the Ruins ride,
With ſtupid *Irreligion* by his Side:
(On Earth by *Flattery* Both for *Patriots* praiſ'd,
In Hell by me to Seats infernal raiſ'd:)
Theſe ſhall the *Scepter*, *Robes* and *Diadem* bring,
While I anoint Thee—*Miſchief's Monkey King*.

Such are the Honours I prepare for thoſe,
Who are, like Thee, to *Prieſts* Immortal Foes.

Was ever Land by ſilly *Prieſts* miſ-led?
Did ever ancient Heroes *Parſons* dread?

Ye drowzy *Senators* ! from Sleep arise !
 Ye Publick *Patriots* ! when will Ye be Wise ?
 Wou'd Ye a true Dependant *Priesthood* have ?
 Resume the *Tythes* your dull *Forefathers* gave.

Let 'em at Altars for *Subscriptions* wait,
 Or Arbitrary *Pensions* of the State :
 Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,
 Let 'em, like *Paul*, at their own Charges Preach :
 While they their *Bishopricks*, and *Dean'ries* keep,
These Wolves will never tremble at You Sheep.

Dr. That little *Text*, my Liege ! these Notions nicks ;
Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks.

S. The *Convocation*, do what'ere I can,
 Still thwarts the Measures of my Dark *Divan*.

Dr. Might *Slaves* with *Emperors* in Counsel share,
 That *Senate*, in Ten Thousand Pieces tear.
 In that, *Britannia's Church* collected stands ;
A Giant with Two Heads, Three Hundred Hands.
 Bodies United, Terrible appear ;

Which separate, no single Man wou'd Fear :
 Each *Coward* singly, I my self cou'd beat ;
 But dare not All of 'em together meet.
 So wary *Hawks* do fearful *Pidgeons* fly,
 As they in *Squadrons* Wing the liquid Sky :
 When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun,
 And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I commend Thee *M——w*, wisely said ;
 And wisely with such Enemies proceed :
 Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,
 With Premunires still those Priests to awe ;
 Then they'll Submit : Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause ;
All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paws :

For, tho' to Others they of *Suffering* talk,
 In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.
 And after all——if those Two Houses——meet——
 ——*D.* The Devil, *S.* And the Doctor. *D.* Both are bit:
 But for their *Gracious Empress*—there's the Task——

S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.

I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Pray'rs;
 Such Goodness——frequently eludes my Snares.
 Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh'as stood;
 Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood.
 But Hope, you Mortals say, with Life does last;
 Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.
 You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve*;
 To me——the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.

Old *Clarendon* does well my *Friends* disgrace,
 What then?—my *Friends* at Court have met with Place.
 Patient I'll wait——Observe the rowling Sky;
 Then——catch the lucky Minutes as they fly.

Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game;
 That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,
 Earth trembl'd as my *Beagles* roaring onward came. }
 Remorseless, round the *Royal Hart* they stood,
 And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his *Sacred Blood*.
 The *Powers infernal* Jealous, wonder'd why,
 'Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.

Thus fell Old Pious *CHARLES*, in Suff'rings Brave;
 The *Rebels* Rul'd, their *Monarch* was their Slave:
 His *Clemency* did first his State enthrall;
 And by his *Goodness* 'twas I wrought his Fall.

I fill'd his *Senates* with my sawcy Brood, }
 Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood; }
 The *Subject* Hector'd, and the *Monarch* Bow'd. }
 For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd, }
 But since on *Earth* a *Traytor's* Death he found, }
 I'me satisfy'd. D. So may all *Kings* be Crown'd! }

S. Oh *ANNA*! When will Thy *Devotion* cease?
 When will Thy Streams of *Charity* decrease?
 That better Hopes may to our Prospect rise;
 But I'hon'rt confirm'd the *Darling of the Skies*.
 Why art Thou thus? too Generously Great!
 To sink Thy *Own*, to raise the *Clergy's* State.
 What Blessings still attend Thy Glorious Reign!
 Oh *ANNA*! most perversly Pious *QUEEN*!
 Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy Realms below;
 And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign *Goodness* show:
 Thy

Thy *Royal Grandfire's* Worth, with better Fate,
Shall make *Thee*, thro' all Ages, *Truly Great*.

Dr. All *Mighty-Ills* by *Fate's* Adverse are cross'd;
Thus We not Works, but Wishes only boast;
Brave *Ravillac* thou'd else but Second stand
To me, in *Hell's* Assassinating Band:
Were it not otherwise Dece'd above;
The Guardian Angels still the Strongest prove.

But, Sir? ——— those *Foolish Universities*!
Are They too, Guarded by *Supream Decrees*?
Oh wou'd some other *Henry* but arise!
Dissolve their *Colleges*, their *Buildings* burn,
And all their *Books* to Flames and Ashes turn:
Sell all their *Lands*, to make the *Nobles* Drunk,
That ev'ry *Commoner*, as *Olim*——*nunc*,
Might at the *Churches* Charges keep——a *Punk*.

Then Thou **Bridgewater*! shou'dst in *Europe* claim,
Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name:

Cambridge to **Taunton* all Her Tow'rs resign;

S. And Both, in *Mighty L*——*T's* Praises join.

Dr. Thus *Piety* and *Learning* shou'd Decay,
And *Ignorance* and *Atheism* bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend! *Satan's* undoubted Seed!

How does thy Likeness justify thy Breed?

What Pity 'tis, it ever shou'd be said,

That Thou did'st Eat a paltry *Prelate's* Bread.

For Shame! For Shame! thy Fellowship Resign!

Nor longer with those Christian Coxcombs Dine.

Forsake thy *Pedant Cell*, to *Courts* repair,

Triumphant *Atheism* Thou wilt meet with there:

Thy most degenerate Friends, the Courtiers tell,

We have not such Ingratitude in Hell;

To let a Youth, like *Thee*, regardless pass,

Nor mind the Glories of thy Glitt'ring Face.

Merit like Thine! to meet with no Reward!

Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice! 'tis wond'rous hard:

King *David's* Admonition here is just;

Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.

* Two Noted Presbyterian Seminaries in the West of England
But

But hold——my Time is almost quite expir'd;
Besides, Below my Presence is requir'd.

— Rot these *Republicans*! I am Betray'd;
That *Tutchin*! has an Insurrection made
With his Deposing Doctrines; but e're Day,
I'll teach that *Dog*! *Hell's Monarch* to Obey.

Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take,
And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.

'To all thy real and admiring Friends,
'*Satan*, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.
'To *T——d*, *C——ns*, *St——ns*, *Al——l*, tell, }
'Sir *R——t* *H——d* Greets 'em kindly well; }
'And hopes to see 'em shortly All——in *Hell*. }

'From me the *Phoenix Editors* Salute;
'And I've a Letter here for Esquire *S——te*.
'*J——n D——n*, with his Brethren of the Bays, }
'His Love to *G——b*, Blaspheming *G——b*, conveys; }
'And Thanks him for his *Pagan* Funeral Praise. }
'Hopes *W——y*, whose Christian Name is *Will*,
'Continues very Witty, Wicked still :
'The like of *C——ve*, *V——k*, and the Rest,
'Who Swear, that *all Religion is a Jest*.

'Tell Doctor *B——t*, *Theory* I mean,
'His *Eve* and *Serpent* have our *Tatler* been :
'*Lucian*, the Master for that Dialogue Thanks ;
'The *Snake*, and *Lady* faith, play——pretty Pranks.
'*Hugh Peters* something said, a Canting Sot,
'About One *Ben——* his Sir-name I've forgot :
'His *Measures of Submission*, were Obey'd
'Exactly, by *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Cade*.

'*George Fox* to *Lacy* had some Warnings groan'd,
'But his stiff Scribe was no where to be found :
'The Fool himself, can neither Write nor Read;
'The Motions of his *Chops* I did not heed.

'Old *Arius* cry'd, O *Lucifer*! I charge ye,
'Thank *Wh——n* for his *Moneo* to the Clergy.

'*Oliver's* Porter stop'd me at *Hell's Door*,
'And in my Ears this *Prophecy* did roar.

"A certain circumflex Enthusiast Knight,
 "Of *Britain-Great*, a very little Wight,
 "Sir *R——d B——y* call'd; bid him but wait,
 "When *Emes* does rise, his Worship will be Streight.

Have ye not here, on Earth Pray? *Hell-whelps* two?
Dr. Your *Highbness* means, if I conjecture true,
 Our Block-head *Observer*, and *Review*.

S. The same——

They're mangy, lazy Currs, I'll have 'em Hang'd;
 Or else, 'till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.
 In half this Time *Pryn* Ruin'd Church and State:

Dr. All *Scoundrels* cannot grow, by Scribling, Great.

S. If they can nothing more to Purpose say,
 I'll burn their *Papers*, and withdraw their *Pay*.

'Prithee reach hither, *M——t!* the *Bibliothèque*
 '*Choisie*, where th' Author, of Your Works does speak:
 'Because, *Socinus* has a Wager laid,
 'There's something greatly to Your Honour said:
 'And that our Scribling Swifs, *Le Clerc*, will say
 'As much——of any *Devil* in *Hell*——for *Pay*.

'In Winter, when at *C——nft——ne's* You meet,
 'Pray tell that Club, I Kifs their *Cloven Feet*.
 'And at the *Calve's-Head-Feast*, when next You Dine,
 'Accept these Flasks of *Acherontick* Wine:
 'The Toast—be *Honest Noll's* good Health and Mine.

'I'll have a Brace of *D——s* within this Sennight,
 'Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor *K——*
 'From me, as from a Friend, his Reverence tell,
 "We've *Men of Sense* and *Quality* in Hell.

'Tis well remember'd——Take one Parting Kifs;
 'Thine Elder Brother *Judas* sent Thee this.

Thus having said, He in a Mist withdrew,
 And in a Moment up the Chimney flew.

F I N I S.

1

